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# CROAKINGS

—OF—

— I. N. COG. —



PRICE, 15 Cents.

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# CROAKINGS

—OF—

⇒ I. N. COG. ⇒

PRICE, 15 Cents.

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*Stephan*  
✓  
*Shores*

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*1*

has acquired a use of the language that, for a foreigner, is truly surprising.

He lately departed for Europe leaving his lines to their fate. His last allusion to them was, "Merit wins; if people want them they can be supplied, so long as the demand lasts, even if it runs into millions of copies."

He is very sensitive with regard to interviewers, and in his travels leaves the author behind him.

Perhaps Ignatius Donnolly may discover a cipher that will unravel much that is now shrouded in mystery.

A FRIEND.

## GREETINGS.

---

1 Pray, Mister Grit,  
And men of wit;  
Both magazines and papers:  
Forgive betimes  
Imperfect rhymes  
With their fantastic capers.

2 Should you ignore,  
Why then be sure—  
But what in sense is the use  
To just suppose,  
When the world knows  
You'd miss an item of news.

3 You deem it wise  
To advertise:  
I have no doubt upon it,  
But then to think,  
*It* takes the chink  
And will not *take* the sonnet.

4 I thus extend  
On fingers' end  
This bantling brat of mine,  
For interview;  
Its spanking new  
In every word and line.





## A PORTRAIT.

---

1 Should you behold amidst the fog  
A dapper, yellow-legged frog,  
With goggle eyes, both set agog,  
You recognize our I. N. Cog.

2 Reclining on a log of oak  
You'll often hear him loudly croak,  
"There's many a *tad* put down to soak  
That never sang and never spoke.

3 "The world with all its beauty green  
Reflected in this bog is seen ;  
The air is balmy and serene  
And tempered by a leafy screen.

4 "Be not surprised," he would remark,  
"At any change; for after dark  
This bog becomes a fairy park  
And lighted by the fire-fly's spark."

5 Our own dear frog with flaxen hair,  
Surrounded by the young and fair,  
Is out to take the evening air—  
No doubt, my friend, you'll find him there.

6 Or sit to-night on yonder hill,  
Of music sweet, then drink your fill.  
I see by looking o'er the bill,  
He concerts with the whip-poor-will.

7 His music then you cannot blame,  
You've heard it oft, it is the same ;  
He follows not the *ignis*\* flame  
In search of wealth, perchance of fame.

8 Yet who would blame, if from the mire,  
He to Pornassus' heights aspire ;  
Since gods bestow poetic fire  
On those alone whom they inspire.

---

\**Ignis fatuus* or jack o' lantern.

9 The time he knows and 'tis the hour  
His lady sits within her bower ;  
To her he pays all his *devours*,  
The fairest and the sweetest flower.

10 A happy and conceited frog,  
He sits upon a mossy log ;  
With goggle eyes, both set agog,  
You recognize our

I. N. COG.



## LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

---

1 No brush can paint the electric spark,  
Or words the depth of sinning ;  
No thought can climb through night so dark  
Up to the first beginning.

2 The beginning that never began,  
The end that endeth never,  
Is bridged by time of shortest span,  
And life flows on forever.

3 Beneath these arches, narrow, glide  
Our hopes and fears ensuing,  
And we as well as fate decide  
Our doing or undoing.

4 Here memory her vigil keeps,  
And hope waits for the morning ;  
Here love has lost and vainly weeps,  
All consolation scorning.

5 Whate'er the future holds in store  
In all the distant ages,  
The fairest part is written o'er  
In youth's dear mystic pages.

6 The sweetest notes of warblers heard,  
In deepest dell or wild wood,  
Stir not the heart as once they stirred  
In happy days of childhood.

7 Where truth conceals its simplest part,  
Naught is availed by learning ;  
Nor can we search the human heart  
With lamps of science burning.

8 For every gleaming star we see,  
How many lights have perished !  
And minds as far apart may be,  
E'en those we most have cherished.

9 How vain is all the tomb shall tell,  
Yet all is still unseen ;  
And fondest hearts in wedlock dwell,  
While oceans stretch between.

10 O wondrous thought ! O woman's love !  
O spell of beauty ! filling  
Expanse of earth, and heaven above,  
And all our senses thrilling.

11 Not in this heavy, frozen heart,  
That 'neath these lines is buried,  
Can thrill of love its pulses start,  
Nor can its sleep be hurried.



12 Yet from its mold the rose shall bloom,  
Its fragrance wafted ever ;  
Beyond this life is love's perfume,  
Forever and forever.



## THE MUSE.

---

1 Once in a thousand years

A colonade uprears

Its tall majestic form.

On earth its resting place,

In some drear desert space:

Its top beyond the storm.

2 Above its rugged base\*

Is chiseled every grace

Of architecture's art ;

---

\*All poetry is in the early development of language in a sense crude ; but in the progress of refinement it conforms to rules, and is an index of the state of the language at the time it is written.

With rarest colors blent,  
As if it were intent  
    To captivate the heart.

3 The unassisted eye  
Its height may ne'er discry,  
    Nor toil its summit reach.  
But all may here behold  
Its beauties, rare, unfold,  
    Beyond the power of speech.

4 To whom the gods assist  
To mount above the mist  
    Of earth, on eagle's wings.  
He may its heights ascend,  
And on creation bend  
    His gaze, awhile he sings.

5 Heaven opens to his view,  
Earth seems to him as new  
And in its early prime.  
Caverns profound disclose  
Their treasure house of woes,  
Their venom and their slime.

6 Enraptured thus he hears  
The music of the spheres,  
A god among the stars.  
Creation's glories blend,  
And while their lights ascend,  
For him their glowing bars.

7 To his delighted sense,  
Creation's vast expanse,  
A perfect symphony.

Her chords responsive thrill,  
And all his being fill  
With grandest harmony.

8 All forms of being stand  
In all their beauty grand  
Before him, he a part.  
And in his being feels  
All passions, woes and ills  
That fill the human heart.

9 High Priest of the Most High,†  
Thy home is in the sky,  
Where God and angels be.

---

†Poet and prophet are nearly synonymous. This applied to one if not to both.

Foretaste of heaven is thine,  
Of peace and love divine,  
And love's sweet purity.

10 Against thy mystic wand  
Time shall withhold his hand.

Thy verse shall ever be  
Type and symbol proved,  
Of all were hoped and loved,  
And immortality.

11 But joys of earth to thee,  
Wealth, friends, hilarity,  
Are gifts of earth unsent.  
The musings of thy heart  
Are from the world apart  
And of loftier bent.

12 By thee is understood  
The spirit of the wood  
And the wierd water sprite :  
The mountain's mighty power,  
The ocean's mystic dower,  
And broodings of the night.

13 Bowing at every shrine,  
Feeling a force divine,  
All nature's worshipper.  
A teacher wisely taught  
Thou art in subtle thought  
God's own interpreter.



## PASSION'S APPEAL.

---

HE.

Sit thee, maiden, down beside me.  
What can I thine ill betide thee?  
What thou fearest, idle ever  
Hearts' true love there's none can sever.  
As the bird when night is falling  
Gently to his mate is calling,  
So my love to thee unshaken  
Shall thy heart's true love awaken.  
Bold am I? Such beauty charms me,  
Speech and beauty now disarm me,



Lips so sweet deserve the tasting,  
Lips are flowers where bees are feasting ;  
Closer still thine arms about me,  
What is all the world without thee?

SHE.

What am I, that thou hast won me ?  
What I am, thou hast undone me ;  
Leave me not, O never leave me  
Cruel thus ; can love deceive me ?  
By the world though unforgiven,  
Though unfit for earth or heaven,  
Yet I swear by heaven above me,  
Still, my lover, still I love thee.

HE.

Sleep, O gentle lady, ever,  
In thy grave beside the river.  
When before the throne we're meeting  
Angels give thee gentle greeting ;  
Mine the guilt, on me alone,  
Lord of hosts, thy wrath atone.



## ADDRESS TO CUPID.

---

### I.

Those lovely eyes they spake so kind,  
Dear Cupid, wast thou alway blind?  
Too well I know that thou *canst* see,  
And skillful use thine archery.

### II.

My bleeding heart, how couldst thou spurn?  
Sweet pity to thy breast return;  
But now, too late, alas I find  
When I am wounded thou *art* blind.

### III.

Keen to direct but blind to heal,  
I mourn, but fain would I conceal  
No joys I see, no comfort find,  
I would like thee I *had* been blind.



## TWO SHIPS.

---

- 1 Two ships sailed out to sea,  
And they were lashed together,  
And all went merrily  
All in the pleasant weather.
- 2 Then came the wind and rain,  
And loudly pealed the thunder ;  
The cable parted twain,  
They drifted far asunder.

3 And one was wrecked on shore,  
While one away was sailing,  
And then returned no more  
While tears adown were falling.

4 God bless the sailors on  
Life's sea in stormy weather ;  
God bless them when, anon,  
Theyr'e sailing lashed together.



## A DREAM.

---

1 I had a dream ; all things were mixed  
In dire and sad confusion.

All rules were vain that order fixed,  
And all was grand profusion.

2 Economy no more was thought  
Proper to be commended ;  
Until the wealth that hands had wrought  
Had very nearly ended.

3 Then hunger came, like beasts of prey,  
Each sought to slay the other.  
And desolation's proud array  
Was brother 'gainst the brother.

4 Dire was the feud and long the strife  
And law its reign had ended ;  
And all that brightens human life  
Had long since been expended.

5 In dark and dismal caverns then  
Had flocked the vast banditi,  
A horde of gloomy savage men  
That pillaged oft the city.



6 And, in the ripened harvest fields,  
The corn was sadly wasted.  
While labor, scant in wages yields,  
And dear the food that's tasted.

7 O better yet it is to bear  
The burdens of existence,  
Beneath the law's abiding care,  
That guarantees subsistence.

8 O better thus, than under sway,  
That innovation forges.  
What safety's in the future day  
Of all the Henry Georges ?

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

---

1 Whatever statements men may make,  
Whatever views they choose to take;  
However speech and fact combines,  
We read, my friend, between the lines.

2 Or when we hear a story told,  
Of travel or adventure bold;  
Whate'er the tale, or its confines,  
We read, my friends, between the lines.

3 Or when we'er out to take a walk,  
Whate'er we say, howe'er we talk;  
What's said or done, with what designs,  
Is read, my friend, between the lines.

4 The same is true, howe'er we mix  
In pleasure, trade or politics;  
Whoever flatters or maligns,  
Is read, my friend, between the lines.







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